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RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERMANN GRIMM BY IDA M. ELIOT.

Skilled labor presupposes a nation ; art, a nation and a man. Skill, even when it rises to its highest excellence, can be acquired ; art, even in its lowest forms, is inborn, and cannot be gained through any amount of diligence by one who has not possessed it at first. Skill is dependent upon the material which it uses, and its highest triumph is to employ and display this material in endless variety. Art is a child of the spirit, and her triumph is so to control the material that it shall express intelligibly to others the slightest fancy of that spirit which wishes to communicate itself. Art speaks from soul to soul ; the material is only the medium through which the communication is made.

But some material is necessary to both skill and art, and for this reason they are confounded by those who are not able to recognize the spirit through the material. These same people, however, have heard of art, and think that through study they can acquire that discerning power which nature has denied them. Nature alone can give this power, and so it happens that they suppose that art lies in the highly-wrought, and that what is simple is mere skill. These people form the majority in our day, and since their desire of seeing continually something new has created the supply, it has come to pass that a number of workers have been called artists because, through work and study, they have succeeded in imitating those symbols of true art which can be seen in the work of well-known artists. Also, they have used materials even more skillfully than the artists themselves, while the real artists, whose simple thoughts required merely a simple expression, are entirely overlooked for the present. But at last the voice of those who understand and admire them will break forth, and the vexation which the world experiences at finding itself deceived by false imitation will prepare for these a so much the more brilliant reception.

This is the natural course of events. For this reason a Bernini could excite admiration after Michael Angelo; for this reason were so many real artists unknown, while false ones shone forth in the glory of passing days; but for the same reason justice is not forever silent, and it finally sets the real in the place of honor, while it does not need to thrust out the false, whose own weakness has let it fall into obscurity.

For creative spirit lives forever, the material is transient; the spirit is strengthened and grows, while the thoughts of mankind depend upon that first creative thought of the artist as bees upon their queen; the material, however, is consumed like everything external — like clothing, which falls to pieces; gold, which wears away; and the body, which decays. Take two golden statues, both melted down and destroyed, the one of which was a work of art, the other a mere piece of workmanship; the latter has vanished without leaving any trace, while the other can still be seen by the eyes through which the soul of the artist spoke to the stranger soul, making it more beautiful and noble than before, and other souls with whom it shared the wealth it had received were richer for that reason. The world is full of such unknown inheritances.

Praise, honor, and reward allure and satisfy the artisan, but to the artist these are merely the symbols of the love of a people to whom he feels himself drawn nearer by these. Should he feel that these would put him farther off, he would despise them. Both are striving for fame, but the artist desires it only as a consolation which whispers to him lovingly that his efforts have not been vain, which says to him that from his works the spirit which he breathes into them shall shine forth victorious.

To the artisan, fame is merely the giving him an opportunity to sell his works at higher prices, and to increase their sale; an illusion, a deception, which comes to his aid when he convinces himself that, outwardly, his productions resemble the works of an artist — that creature hated and envied by him. But the letter is dead, the word is everlasting.

Though the work of the artisan is despicable when it pretends to be art, it is honorable when it stays within its own

domain. It takes root in a nation, and has a fertile soil. We need it ; it bounds our existence ; as physical beings we should be nothing without it, just as we could not exist, spiritually, without art ; and as body and spirit cannot be separated, so with art and the work of the artisan — they go hand in hand, they need each other, but they are not the same.

There is no art which has not by its side a similarly named trade, as there is nothing which cannot be seen on two sides — one its earthly origin, the other its spiritual place among creations, considered with regard to its beauty.

Beauty has no aim — it exists ; it is its own limit, as is the work of the artist. The useful has an aim beyond itself, and deserves its name only when it has attained its object. One can imagine an artist who might work alone in a desert, and finish a statue of perfect beauty without ever asking whether any one will ever see it except himself and the daylight ; an artisan who should work on alone is an anomaly ; a potter who should make, at random, vessels for which there is no use. These very utensils, however, which are used and then thrown away, are worthy of a double consideration. Worthless in the spiritual meaning during this usefulness, they become, after a thousand years, monuments of vanished culture, and the spirit of the nation speaks from them. It is so with the painting of the Egyptians, and even the ornaments of the old Germanic funeral urns. For the work of the artisan has a spirit in common with the unconscious spirit of the nation, while the artist stands above his people and his time, and what he produces is a symbol of his own thoughts, which he throws to his people as a gift.

Wherever art is considered, the mechanical part must also be considered ; but one must distinguish between them, or else each will be injured by confusion with the other. In order to do this, one must be perfectly free. He only who, without prejudice, listens to the sound of that voice which speaks but in the silence of the inmost heart, will recognize at once whether a work was created in devotion to beauty. He only can tell if it was made by profane hands, useful to the artisan, who possessed only keen appreciation of the weakness of the public, and skill in successfully flattering it. In this connection I need only allude to the theater.

The artist represents his ideal. This word, like all of those which signify deep veneration when spoken by connoisseurs, has become idle praise when uttered by those who care for art only because they hope in that way to fill the emptiness of their souls ; and, therefore, one has a horror of using it. Let us give to it its true content.

As long as we live and accumulate experiences we are convinced that nothing upon earth is perfect. While, on the one hand, we recognize in everything that has happened or is created a manifestation of laws eternally true to themselves, on the other hand we see that these laws are subject everywhere to disturbances which we call chance before we recognize it, and we discover that, on account of endless counteracting influences, nothing appears in that completeness of which its conception renders it capable and towards which it strives. The soul of man yields at last to the truth of this experience, but is, however, not satisfied with the idea that it must be so ; a feeling, firmly rooted, insists that it was not so once, and may be different in the future. Even with this consolation the soul is not satisfied, but unconsciously, with creative activity, from the pattern of what it sees and experiences, fashions a spiritual form of creation free from those disturbances, and this serves as a double symbol of a higher existence that lies buried in the past, and will rise again in the future. This invisible self-created world we call the ideal.

No man, even the humblest, is without this possession. There is no loss which would carry this with it. The ideal remains man's peculiar property as an inalienable good, and even when it seems to be dimmed and lost, it starts anew. It is the land to whose soil we all cling, whose serfs we all are. It is a slavery we cannot escape, whether we proudly recognize through the bondage, the real blessing, or whether with obstinate denial we seek to tear ourselves away. In every mortal is inborn the longing after his ideal. This may grow weary, it may be almost destroyed, but even should it come to pass that it no longer is apparent in the individual, still will a nation, as a whole, possess it and never give it up. Either it dreams of a future grandeur or it laments a past one.

What corresponds to the ideal of a nation is called by men

the beautiful, the good ; those who feel this more sensitively than others, stand high in public esteem ; those who combine in themselves and express the feeling of the whole nation are the men whom one loves and honors. But those in whom the reflection of the universal consciousness is so strong that it is clearly mirrored in them, and that they give utterance to it in music, language, or in some other way, till it, gaining for itself its own existence, stands there as an embodiment of what the nation considers good and beautiful—these men are the artists, men who raise to the highest point the veneration of the people. They show one's own soul in the truest sense, one's longings in the most alluring way, and one's future and past in the purest light. They repeat with convincing words one's most secret thoughts ; they teach one to speak their own language. They show one's character in completeness. Wherever they enter, every one greets them ; wherever they go, all thoughts eagerly follow them ; and any work of theirs that can be obtained is valued and kept as the greatest treasure. With such feelings do we honor Goethe, Beethoven, Schiller, and Mozart.

The artist stands in necessarily close relation with his people. Should a nation stand as high toward other nations as its artists stand toward it, then its rule is extended to a wonderful degree. The Greeks take such a high rank. Phidias, Homer, Sophocles, worked for all nations and all times ; Corneille and Racine sang for the French only ; Shakespeare for all Germanic nations. Those were Greeks and this one an Englishman, and the national characteristics form a part of their personalities. We cannot imagine them without the soil on which they stand. But for the blooming earth on which it shines, the sun would be a dead mass of tormenting clearness ; but for its rays, the world would be a dark wilderness, a formless, horrible obscurity ; one needs the other ; only their contact causes life to arise. In the same way a nation needs its artists. The recognition and esteem of men gives to them their name and worth, but their word and work give to the people the opportunity of loving and honoring them. The artist stands between the finite and the infinite ;

where the two meet, he seizes the lightning, holds it fast, and gives it everlasting duration. Everlasting, as long as men live who understand him; should the people who loved him die out, his fame would vanish with his works.

That, however, is hardly to be imagined or feared. A nation does not arise and die out like a species of animal that appears and perishes. When a nation is powerful and great, it has had a father and mother who produced it. We cannot always trace out the combination, but often it lies clear before our eyes. Nations always separate, and from the various branches, which meet on different sides, spring new nations. More wonderful still than the physical commingling of the races is the spiritual unison of their styles of culture. From Roman models was developed the comedy of the Italians; through France it passed to England; there it enriched the ground upon which Shakespeare's flowers grew. From the union of Spanish, English, Italian, and classic elements arose the strict national form in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine; from the Egyptian, the Greek sculpture arose; from Byzantine lifeless attempts sprang the old Italian painting; later, with a fresh start, the old Italian art united with the Greek in Raphael and Michael Angelo. From how many sources sprang Goethe's and Schiller's works? Everywhere there is contact; everywhere great men stand upon foreign shoulders. The most distant elements come together and are united in them. They never gush forth as a spring from the rock, but from a thousand channels their life streams, the waters flowing together; muddy at first, but in the course of time getting clearer, and winning a name. At last they stand in their own individual power, and each of their works bears upon its face the name of the artist. Men all know that there lives but one person who could create that.

But one thing is true: if artists produce works whose divine beauty satisfies our longing, they themselves are, like all of us, subject to those distractions which are the inevitable dowry of human nature. They create the ideal—they cannot newly create themselves; they are only the priests—what they give is greater than they themselves are. But they are the only

ones who try to present it, and so, although they have an individual independent life, their works mingle with the poetry of their lives, and the desire of mankind to see both as an undivided whole is so great that—when all facts are wanting—one tries from these works to trace back the personal experiences of the artist. Raphael's Madonna in Dresden must be a picture of the Fornarina; Shakespeare's sonnets are a new delight to the interpreter; Goethe's, Lessing's, Schiller's writings are examined with conscientious eagerness, and the whole nation takes part in bringing to light the smallest personal allusions. It loves the man, it honors him; he must be no empty name; it perceives with new delight, from a thousand earthly trifles, that this man lived as all others do, ate and drank, and while it draws him down to the every-day life of the times, it rises to him, with whom it feels itself now firmly united. Still, we can never learn the things about the real lives of great men that are known only by those who saw them daily, and who were in a position to feel their influence. What we picture to ourselves is always an imaginary scene, in which we ourselves unconsciously play the most important part. We see their lives as we would like to see them. With this feeling we involuntarily arrange all our information, make prominent what pleases us, and pass over what we prefer kept in silence; and it is our longing for an ideal which teaches us to do this.

The book which has started all these reflections into new activity is "*Guhl's Artist Letters.*" In two volumes the author has given a long list of letters which have been written by painters, sculptors, and, in part, by their friends and patrons. The work begins with the old Italian masters, and extends into the last century. Everywhere the most significant passages are quoted, each is accompanied by a commentary, and, besides this, in a short introduction, the different artists are characterized as a whole.

There are many there who have no claim to immortality—whose activity was merely that of the artisan, without going very deep. There are many who are true artists—Titian, Correggio, Murillo, Rubens—of whom I shall speak here no

further. But only two deserve the higher name of great men — Raphael and Michael Angelo. This distinction is deeper than one might at first think. Euripides, Calderon, and Racine were great poets ; Sophocles, Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe were great men ; Alexander, Scipio, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon, were that also ; while Turenne, Eugene, Blucher, and Wellington were merely great generals. A great man is recognized as a universal force. His soul is so great that it makes little difference through what medium he expresses himself, while those who are great in one special direction require comparison with their kind, and imply a lower order from which they have risen. They were more capable, wiser, more fortunate than their comrades, who always serve as a measure for their greatness. But the great need no such foil ; they are separated from the crowd of mortals, and lead a peculiar existence. They appear like broken fragments of another planet, fallen here and there from Heaven, according to the will of Fate. Wherever they are seen, the light all falls on them ; the rest stand in shadow. Related to one another like the members of an invisible aristocratic family, they stand close together before our eyes, as if in a brilliant cloud, neither century nor nationality separating them. Raphael and Phidias clasp hands ; Frederick the Great stands no nearer than Cæsar ; Plato and Homer no farther off than Goethe and Shakespeare. An earthly immortality makes them seem living, and involuntarily we lay everything of importance at their feet and ask their judgment. They are strangers on the earth, and yet the only ones entitled to live here ; happier than the happiest, and yet more unhappy than the most wretched among us ; for we do not foreshadow [the perfect as they do, and therefore do not feel, as they, the yawning gulf that separates us from it, over which neither bridge leads nor wings can carry. There are a few who were taken by an early death before the years when the torture of isolated work is felt, but the greater number learned, through a long life, to know the pain which they alone could feel and bear. I name, specially, Raphael, and Michael Angelo.

They stand toward one another as Achilles toward Hercules ;

as the resistless beauty which beams on all, toward the gloomy force which conquers all; as a short sunny spring toward a long year that begins in storm and ends in tempest. Raphael's works are like golden apples which ripened in an everlasting sunshine; one sees no painstaking in them, he seems to have thrown them off without labor; and even when he represents ruin, or any frightful subject, his pictures have a clear beauty in them, and never oppress the mind of the beholder, who is lost in admiration.

But Michael Angelo's figures know nothing of those bright realms; they seem to move under a heavily clouded sky, to dwell in caves, and each rolls his fate onward as if it were a burden of rock, which strained all the muscles to the utmost. Earnest, sad thoughts are pictured in their brows, as if they, in their lofty eminence, scorned the smiling existence into which Raphael sends out his creations. With each step they seem to remember that the earth under their feet is an iron globe to which they are chained, and they drag after them the invisible chain with which the Divinity has fettered them to a gloomy destiny.

The life of no artist will at all compare with Raphael's in good fortune. No struggles with poverty or hostility oppressed his youth. When a child, as we should call him, he caused the greatest hopes; by degrees he fulfilled and surpassed them, soon going over a distance which no one had anticipated. Who would have believed that it was possible for Art to attain such height? When Francesco Francia saw one of his pictures for the first time, he laid aside his brush and died of grief, that now there was nothing more to strive after. Quickly the youth outgrew his masters; from painting to painting we can trace the more complete development of his genius. At first one can hardly distinguish his pictures from Perugino's, soon it is only Michael Angelo, whose superiority delights him. They knew and honored one another, but did not love each other. That was impossible; but each had the other frequently in mind. Although there was no outspoken rivalry, perhaps there would have been one. Raphael died in the bloom of his life. No diminution of power, no stand-still,

no mannerism is to be seen in him, as in Michael Angelo, who viewed and represented the world in a grandiose way. The human form was safe in his hands ; he knew how to make significant the slightest turns, to put beauty into every sinew, whether tense or passively resting. Raphael's forms exhausted the possibility of human motion, as the statuettes of the Greeks that of human repose, as the poems of Shakespeare exhaust the subject of human passion, or Goethe's poems all aspects of loving. His works are wholly perfect. Any seeming faultiness is only individuality, as the eccentricities of nature do not offend against her laws. When we look at these works, our longing ceases and we desire no more. We wish merely to look ; our thoughts vanish ; the demands of fancy are silent and are satisfied. There is no suggestion in them that he was painting for others — that he had in mind gold and fame ; he seems to have sought for his own happiness while he was working. The goddess of beauty offered him her lips, and he kissed them ; her form, and he embraced it. What mattered it to him whether it were seen or not ; he did not stand upon a stage opposite his beloved one, and go into raptures of delight in order that others should be inspired to applaud. He enjoyed life, and painted. His pictures show a study that to-day is unheard of, but it seems to have been to him only a delight. It pleased him to repeat a beautiful form three or four times before he painted it ; to represent a body in many different postures before he used it definitely in his pictures. All flowed easily from his fingers ; it was no work — as the flowers are not any trouble to the rose-bush.. Whatever he touched turned into beauty. His life broke off just at the height. He did not fade slowly away ; of a sudden he was no longer there ; he perished like a beautiful city that sinks into the sea with all its wealth.

A magic charm surrounded him, and possessed all whom he met. All who were with him felt this. Wherever he worked, envy and jealousy ceased among the artists ; all were united and arranged themselves under him ; all loved him. When he went to the Vatican, more than fifty of them surrounded him, and, accompanied by them, he went up the steps of the palace.

He, perhaps younger than most of them, was more beautiful, more distinguished than all. And still we have no trustworthy likeness of him. But who does not know him? To whom could he be a stranger? When I stand before his pictures, I believe I know him better than his best friends who were with him; and so have thought millions of people since his death, when they have been in the presence of his works. It is the most inspiring charm of fame to be known by all and loved by all. Fame is something very different from praise and recognized position. Those people are not famous who are known only through the words and writings of others, but those who are known personally through their own works, and about whom people feel silently that they are great, and their works indispensable.

Raphael enjoyed this fame as perhaps no mortal has done before or since. He may be compared to Alexander, who was as young as he, and dashed through as brilliant a course, and also died in his bloom. Byron's fame shines with dull light in comparison with his. He also was, in his youth, the greatest poet of his people, and others rendered homage to his superiority. But, taken captive by the circle whose incense he despised, yet still drank in, he grew weak from the first, and at last fell a sacrifice to a double life, from which he had not the power to escape. Alexander was a royal youth. He was not limited to the sphere in which he was, but Raphael was an artist, and never anything else. He might have tried for a cardinal's hat. We are not now to speak of what he might have done, or how he might perhaps have changed in the course of his life, but only of what he really did while he lived. From the beginning to the end, by his conduct, he fulfilled the ideal of an artist's life, and even his jealousy of Michael Angelo does not impair his fame, but rather raises it. For whoever stands so high must desire to be first of all, and can endure no one above him.

What we know concerning the mutual relation of these artists is not very clear, and is of doubtful worth. Verdicts which great men pass upon their peers, even when they sound harsh, have not the significance of the evil words with which

mediocre natures dispute about rank. If Michael Angelo once angrily exclaimed that whatever Raphael knew of architecture he learned from him, he did not wish by that to make Raphael smaller and himself greater. Goethe might perhaps have said, in the same way, of Schiller, "What he has become has been through me;" as Æschylus might have said of Sophocles, or Corneille of Racine. Considered in general, the words are false, yet under certain circumstances they would be justified at the time, and would be rightly interpreted by those for whom they were spoken; for these, filled with the spirit of the voice then present, would feel the truth of the thought which was thus expressed.

There is no praise more sublime and touching than the way that Vasari, Michael Angelo's friend and pupil, ascribes Raphael's supremacy over all artists, not mainly to his superiority and the wisdom of his amiable conduct, but to the essence of his beautiful nature. All painters, not merely the lowest, but the greatest, who were anxious about their own fame worked under him in perfect harmony. Discord and evil thoughts disappeared before him. If he had need of the assistance of any artist, the latter would leave his own work instantly and hasten to him. He lived like a prince. All followed him to honor him, and the pope, who received him like a friend, knew no bounds to his generosity toward him. But that did not hurt his modesty. No one reproached him for having collected treasures. With what a natural grace he yields to Fra Giocondo, an old learned monk, whom the pope had given him as an assistant when he was made the chief director of the building of St. Peter's. The letter to his uncle, Simon Ciarla, to whom he writes on the subject, sounds like words from a very modest youth. He writes that he hopes to learn from him, and to grow ever more perfect in his art. So he wrote in 1514, when he was in his thirty-first year.

In 1483 Raphael was born, in Urbino. His father was Giovanni Sanzio, "*pittore non molto eccellente*;" his first teacher, Pietro of Perugia, "*che era cortese molto ed amator de' vegl' ingegni*." The account of the large cartoons by Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo allured him to Florence, where he

stayed till his father's death. His mother then needed him, and he returned to Urbino, and there kept in order the domestic arrangements. At all times he painted — in Urbino, again in Perugia, and, before his visit to Florence, in Civitella and Sienna. Vasari gives a list of quite a number of isolated productions. Once more he went to Florence and, from there, at last, to Rome. This was when he was twenty-five years old. He died at Rome.

What a small range of places! Urbino, Sienna, Florence, Rome, and, according to Passavant, we may add Bologna. All lie so close together that one might say that Raphael had never gone from home. Michael Angelo's travels would have been just as limited if flight had not driven him twice to Venice. But at that time the center of the world was Italy, and that of Italy was Rome. This was the time when the Romance nations still fashioned the destiny of the world.

Next to Vasari's life of Raphael, I would rather read what Rumohr writes of him in "*Italian Researches*." Rumohr's style is perhaps the purest imitation of Goethe's manner of telling things, as he was accustomed to do in his old age. If we call Goethe's style easy, then we may call Rumohr's comfortable. He writes as if he were speaking, and he speaks with the measured freedom of a man who is asserting what is exactly true. Since he lived in circles in which it was considered poor taste to utter anything commonplace, his way of thinking and expressing himself bears the mark of excellence in its best sense. In the German language very little has been written, concerning art, which can take the same rank as his writing. Passavant often contradicts both him and others who have made the life of Raphael an object of special study. In general, the disputed points are about trifles, the decision of which throws no peculiar light on the life of the artist.

The editor of the artist letters has in the introduction and notes given everything that is of importance for the sympathizing reader. There are not too many letters given. Style and content always have something specially pleasing, which one can discover in them even if one did not know who had written them. Still, I must not omit here one criticism which applies to the whole book.

All these letters contain nothing that is absolutely necessary to our idea of the real artist ; they are very important sources of information concerning the men — nothing more. For this reason, although much information and many observations are recorded, so that we can accompany the artist in his life, still these scraps of writing form no points which, in themselves, are such land-marks of development as paintings or events of a spiritual or political nature, under whose influence the life has changed its direction. The intention of the book was merely to give the letters and comment upon them, and this is done in a superior manner. But those who, in this book, see before them for the first time the whole activity and the life of the artist might suppose that these letters are important affairs, which they are not. To-day, indeed, the letters exchanged between Goethe and Lotta may be better known than those of Werther, and the correspondence between Schiller and Goethe may be more read than their works. This is a false tendency. Whoever studies one of Raphael's paintings, with its surrounding relations, learns more of him than he can learn from all of his letters. In these remarks I point out a peculiarity of our time, for this age prefers to seek out the most important of the secondary items, and in considering these the spirit of the whole often falls into the position of the unessential.

[*To be continued.*]

THE SPATIAL QUALE.

BY WILLIAM JAMES.

Mr. Cabot, in his acute and suggestive article on the notion of space in the July number of this journal, argues that, as it forms a system of relations, it cannot be given in any one sensation, and concludes that it is a symbol of the general relatedness of objects constructed by thought from data which lie below consciousness. However Mr. Cabot may differ in de-